


# Mr. Bear to the Rescue

COB09



Debi Gliori





*For all those Mr. Bears:  
Guri and Kari, Gay and Michael,  
Ben, Sophie and Patrick,  
my very dear Kirsty,  
Belinda and Lyndsay,  
Jaca and Judy,  
but most of all,  
for you.  
You.*

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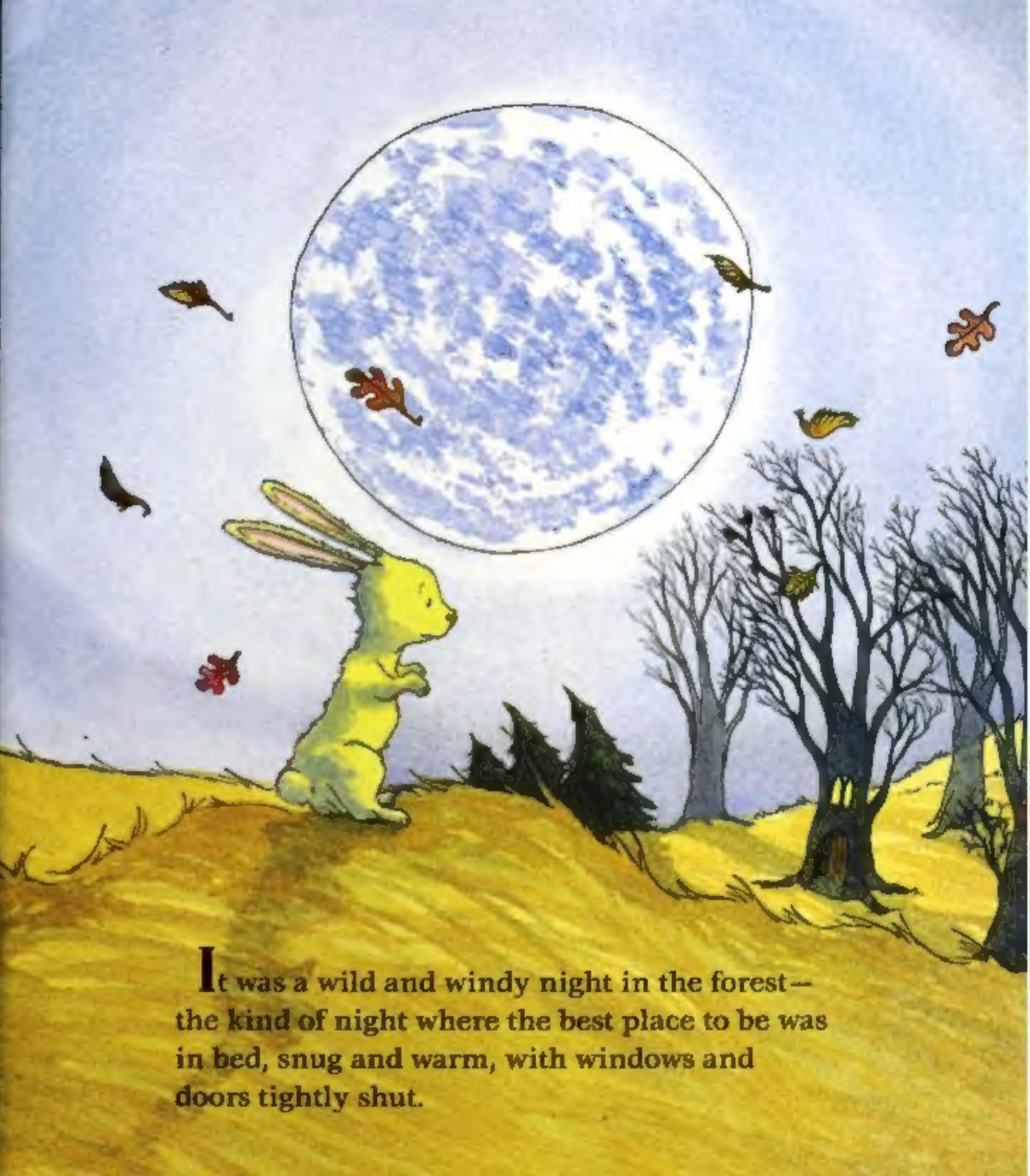
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**I**t was a wild and windy night in the forest—  
the kind of night where the best place to be was  
in bed, snug and warm, with windows and  
doors tightly shut.





Mr. Bear was tucked up in bed, while outside the wind was shaking the windows and howling down the chimney, trying to get in.

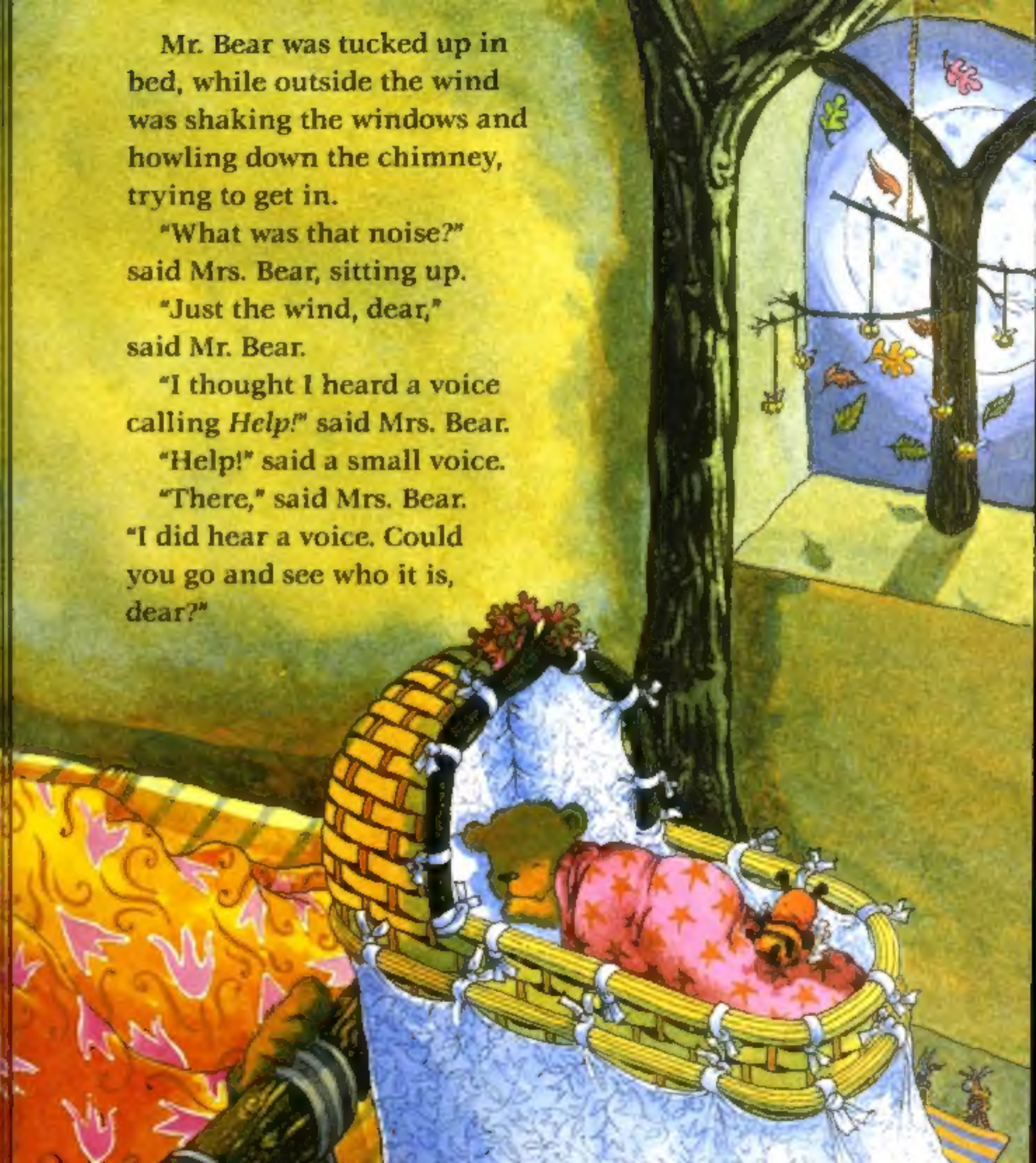
"What was that noise?" said Mrs. Bear, sitting up.

"Just the wind, dear," said Mr. Bear.

"I thought I heard a voice calling *Help!*" said Mrs. Bear.

"Help!" said a small voice.

"There," said Mrs. Bear. "I did hear a voice. Could you go and see who it is, dear?"







Mr. Bear obediently went downstairs. As he opened the front door, a blast of wind blew out his candle and peppered him with fallen leaves.

"Please help," said a very small voice from somewhere around Mr. Bear's ankles.

Clinging to Mr. Bear's doorstep was Mr. Rabbit-Bunn. "Our warren has collapsed," he wailed. "The Hoot-Toowits' nest has blown away, the Buzzes' hive is ruined, and I have to go back because we can't find baby Flora *anywhere*."

And with that, Mr. Rabbit-Bunn ran off into the night.





"Help is on its way," said Mr. Bear, lighting a lantern. He packed some tools and grabbed a honey sandwich, just in case.

"Do be careful, dear," called Mrs. Bear, as Mr. Bear was blown down the garden path.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Bear, feeling very worried indeed. "I'll be fine."







It was a long way to the Rabbit-Bunns' house.  
Mr. Bear tripped and stumbled over fallen branches, and  
several times his lantern nearly blew out.

*I wish I was back in my warm bed,* thought Mr. Bear.  
Icy rain blew into Mr. Bear's face as he struggled uphill.  
"Just a little farther," said Mr. Bear to encourage himself.



A tangle of feathers and claws blew into Mr. Bear's face. "Aaaaaaargh!" he shrieked. "Eeeek!" squawked Mr. Hoot-Toowit.

"Oh, it's *you*!" they both cried.

Mr. Bear struggled to his feet and peered into the darkness.

"I can't see your house anywhere," he said.



"You're standing in it," said Mr. Hoot-Toowit sadly.

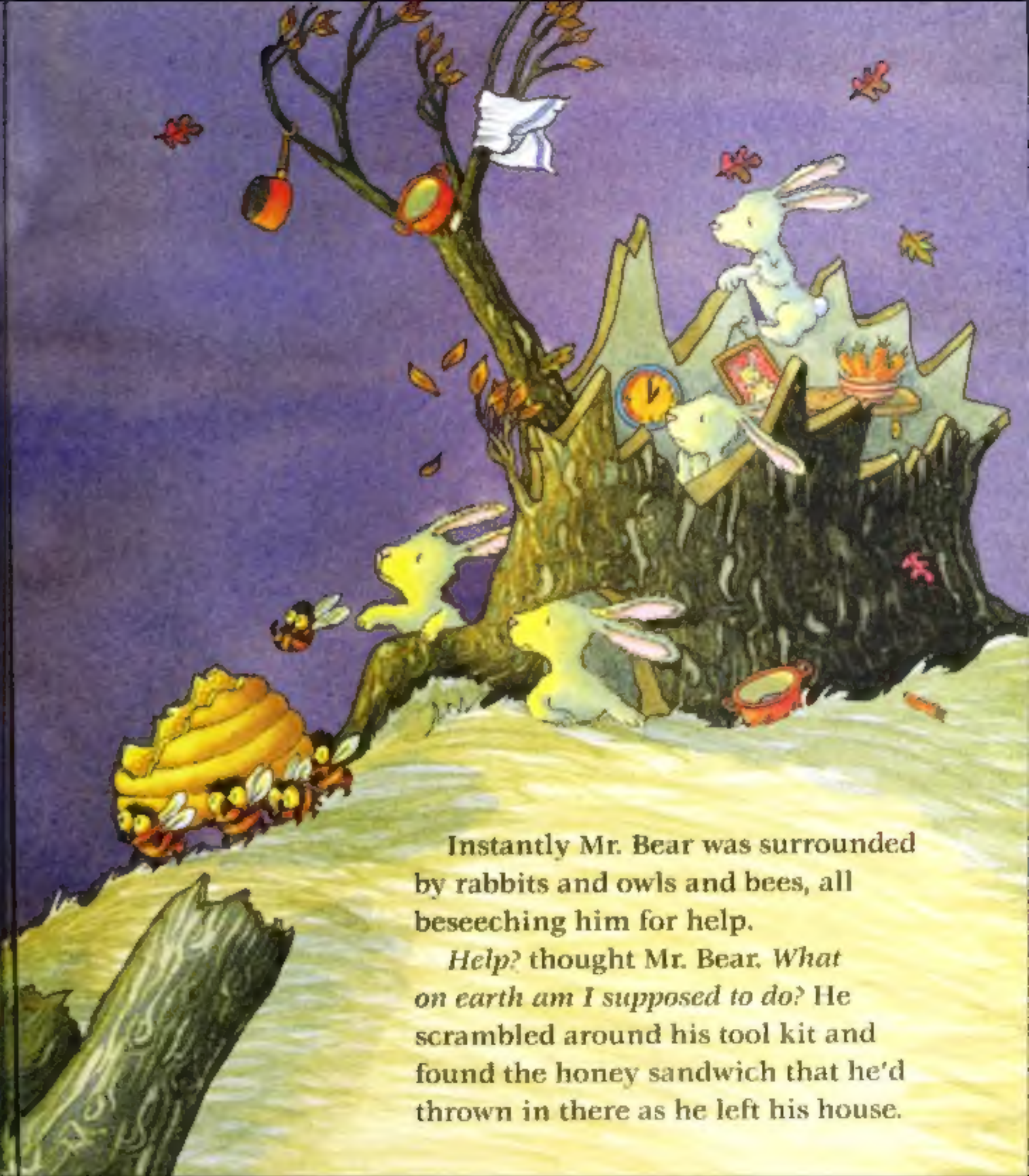
"Goodness, so I am," said Mr. Bear.

There, all around, lay the battered remains of the tree that Mr. Hoot-Toowit had shared with his family, the Buzz family, and the Rabbit-Bunns.





"Oh, Mr. Bear, thank heavens you've come," cried a voice.  
"Can you help us find Flora?"  
"And can you fix our hive?"  
"And mend our nest?"



Instantly Mr. Bear was surrounded by rabbits and owls and bees, all beseeching him for help.

*Help?* thought Mr. Bear. *What on earth am I supposed to do?* He scrambled around his tool kit and found the honey sandwich that he'd thrown in there as he left his house.



A brilliant idea occurred to him.

"What's that for?" asked one of the small Rabbit-Bunns.

"Glue," said Mr. Bear, peeling the sandwich apart.

"Hive glue, in fact. Look, I'll spread a little bit here and another dollop there and—"



"End up with a sticky mess," groaned a small Buzz.

"Oh dear," said Mr. Bear, "let's take the hive home for Mrs. Bear to fix. She's very good at that sort of thing."

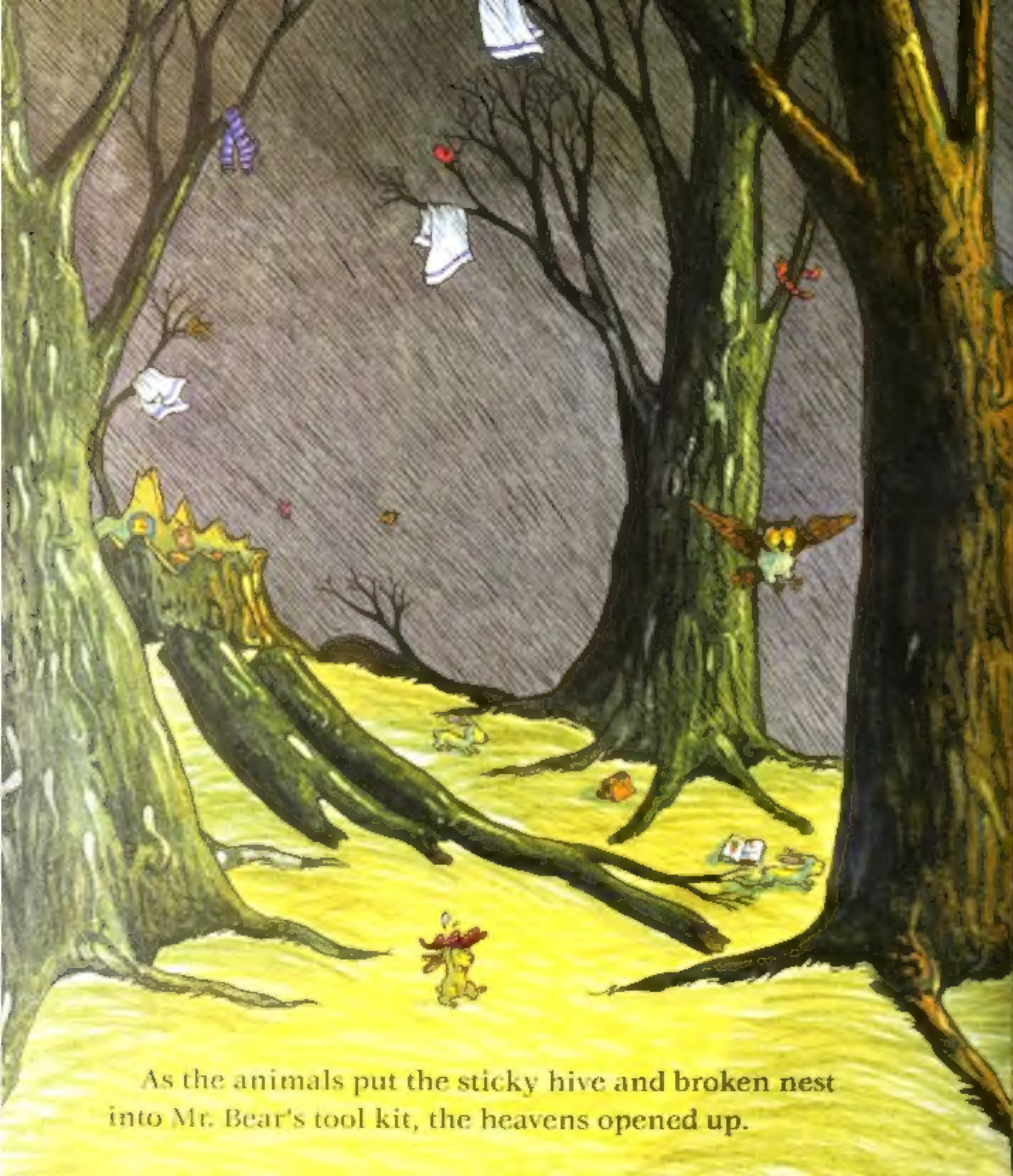
"What about my nest?" said Mr. Hoot-Toowit.

"I'll just have a look," said Mr. Bear, picking it up. The nest fell apart in his paws. Mrs. Hoot-Toowit sighed.



"Ah," said Mr. Bear. "Mrs. Bear'll knit you another in no time."



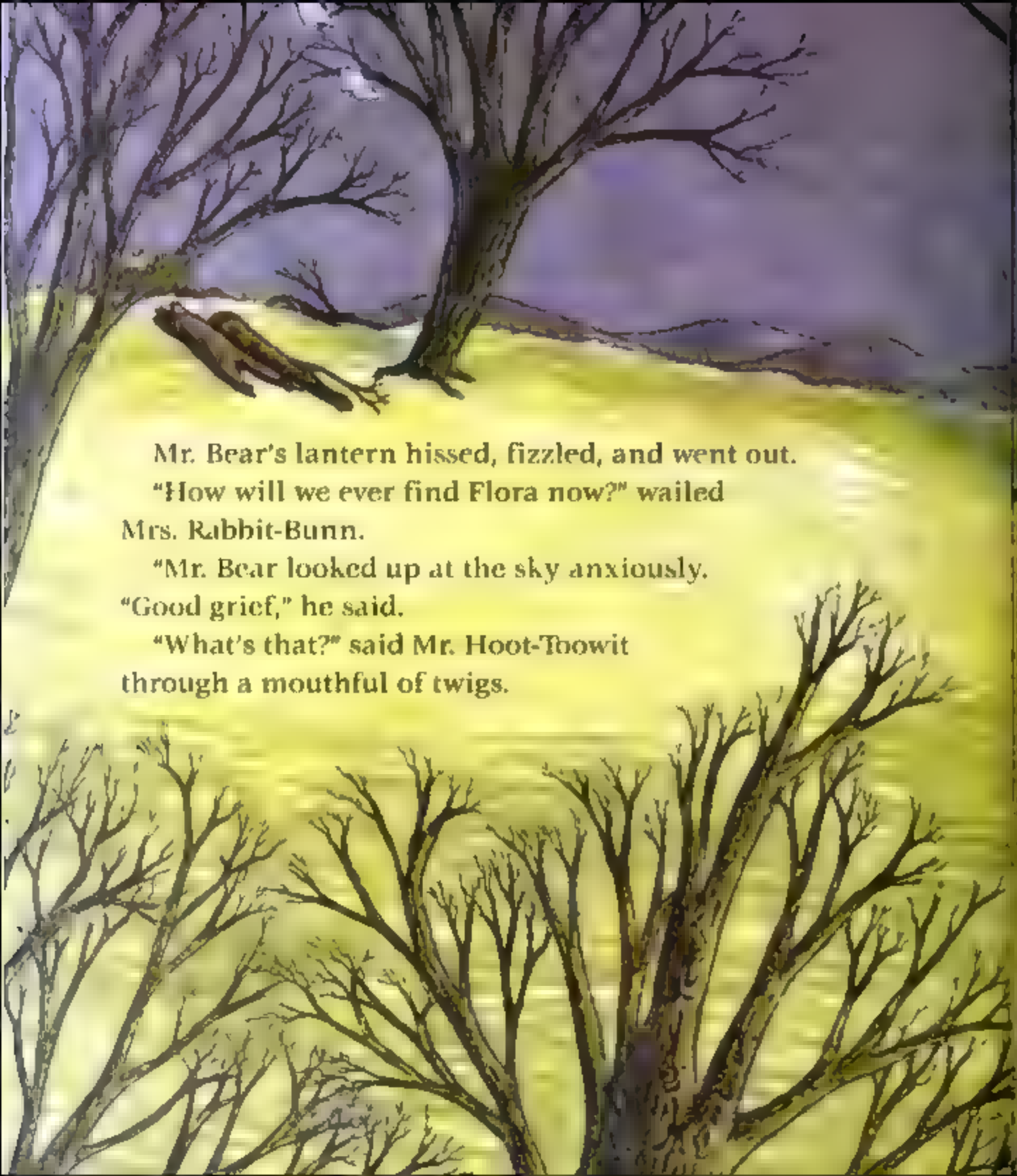


As the animals put the sticky hive and broken nest into Mr. Bear's tool kit, the heavens opened up.



Rain poured down through the trees, seeking out anything that was dry and instantly turning it cold and soggy. The animals ran for shelter.

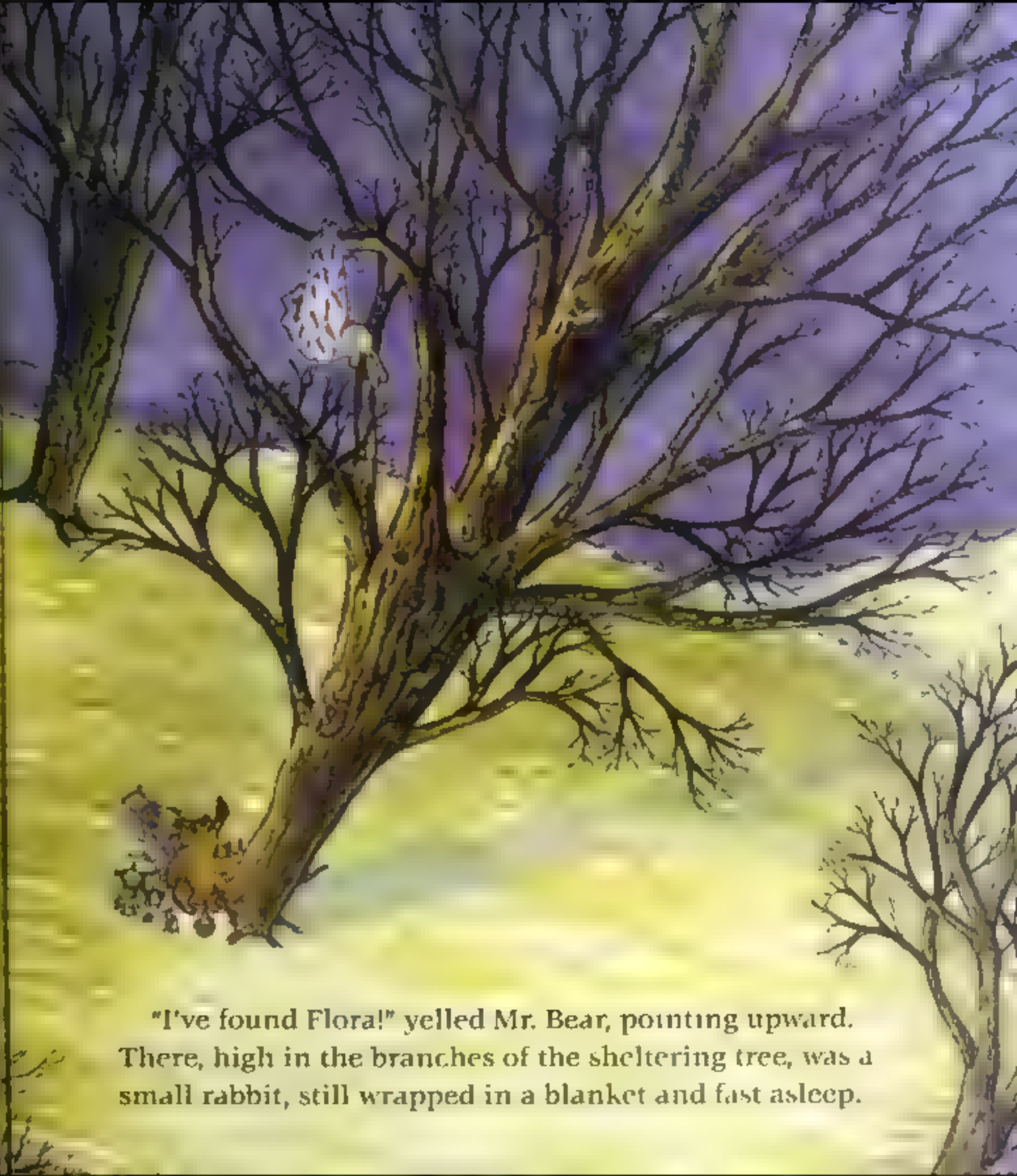




Mr. Bear's lantern hissed, fizzled, and went out.  
"How will we ever find Flora now?" wailed  
Mrs. Rabbit-Bunn.


"Mr. Bear looked up at the sky anxiously.  
"Good grief," he said.

"What's that?" said Mr. Hoot-Toowit  
through a mouthful of twigs.



"I've found Flora!" yelled Mr. Bear, pointing upward.  
There, high in the branches of the sheltering tree, was a  
small rabbit, still wrapped in a blanket and fast asleep.



A large brown bear is climbing a tree. The bear is on the left side of the tree, reaching up with its right paw to grab a branch. The tree has several thick, brown branches and some green leaves. The background is a light blue sky with some white clouds. The bear's fur is a mix of brown and tan colors.

"I'll just climb up there  
and get her," said Mr. Bear.

"What a hero you are," sighed  
Mrs. Rabbit-Bunn.

Mr. Bear did not feel heroic  
as he inched up the tree.

The slippery, rain-soaked branches  
gave out alarming groans and creaks  
as he grabbed them.

Mr. Bear disentangled the blanket from  
the branch, cradled Flora in his arms,  
and . . .

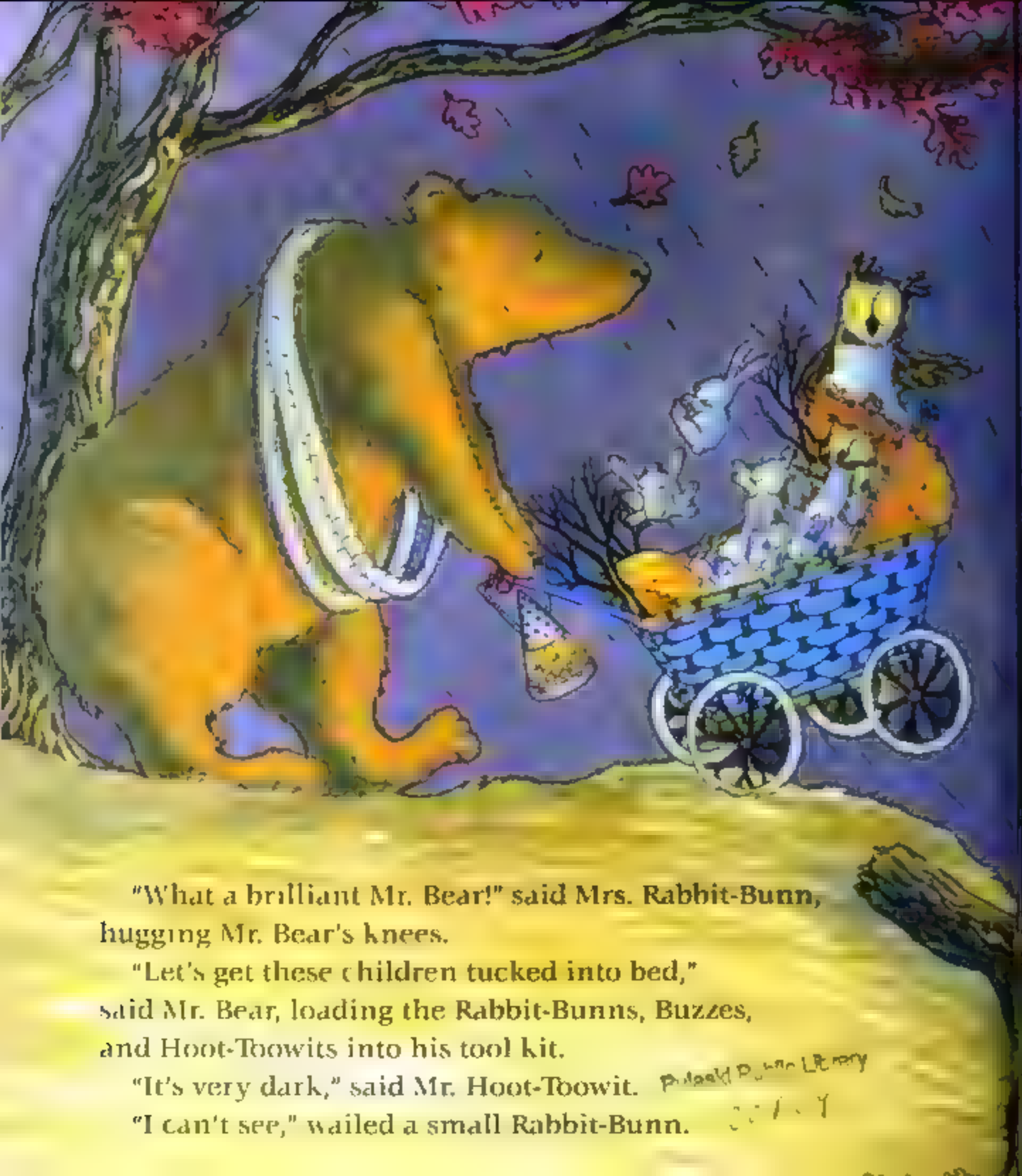


"Aaaargh!" yelled Mr. Bear.  
"Wheeeeeee!" cried Flora,  
waking up

"Gosh, what a good idea,"  
said Mr. Rabbit-Bunn, as  
Flora's blanket fanned out into  
a perfect parachute and Mr.  
Bear and the bunny floated  
safely to the ground.







"What a brilliant Mr. Bear!" said Mrs. Rabbit-Bunn, hugging Mr. Bear's knees.

"Let's get these children tucked into bed," said Mr. Bear, loading the Rabbit-Bunns, Buzzes, and Hoot-Toowits into his tool kit.

"It's very dark," said Mr. Hoot-Toowit. *Public Domain Library*

"I can't see," wailed a small Rabbit-Bunn. *Public Domain Library*

*Neither can I,* thought Mr. Bear, pushing his heavy tool kit to the top of a hill. But there, off in the distance, was his house with all the lights on, shining through the darkness.

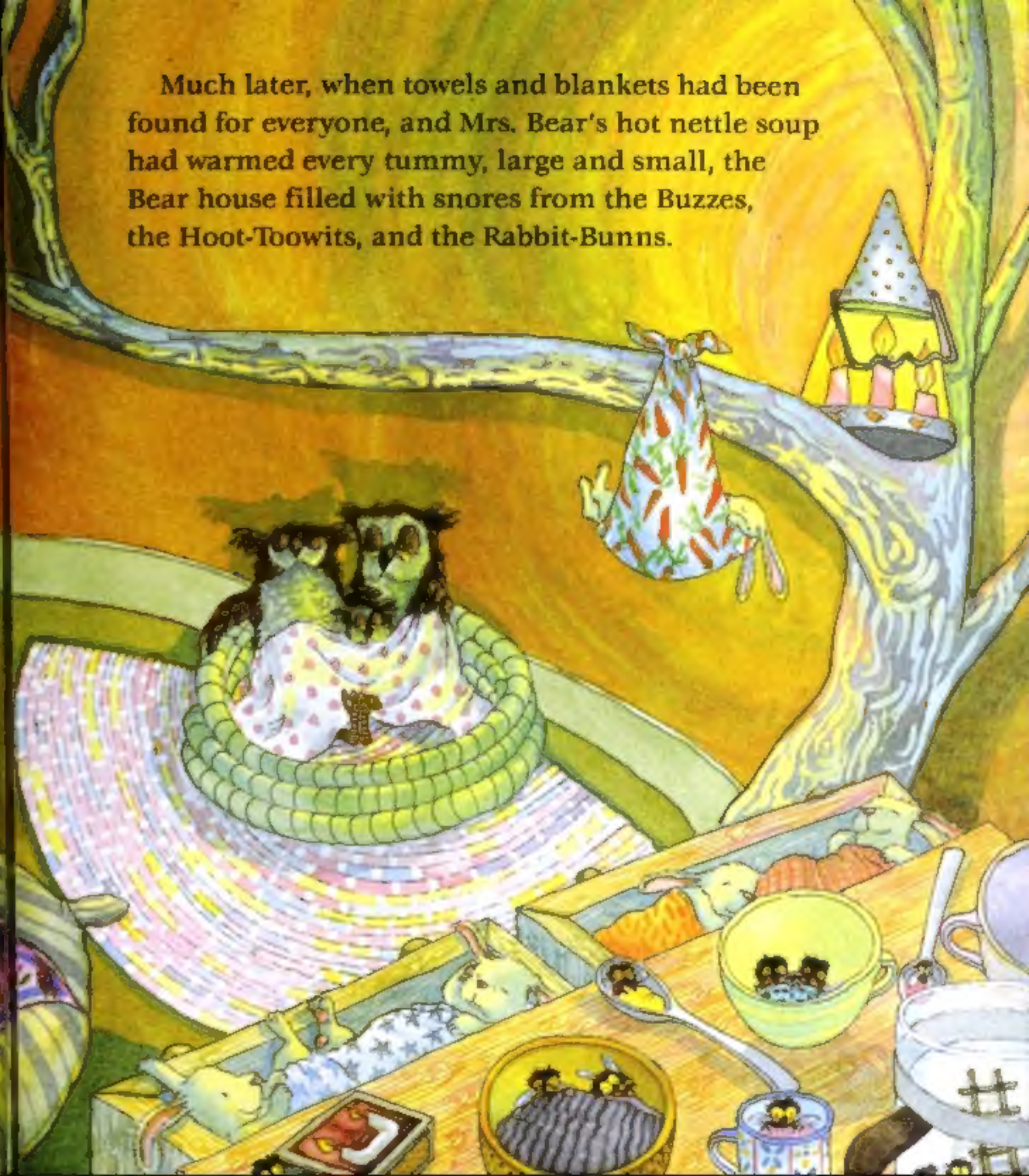
"Hold on tight," he said. "We're nearly home."







Much later, when towels and blankets had been found for everyone, and Mrs. Bear's hot nettle soup had warmed every tummy, large and small, the Bear house filled with snores from the Buzzes, the Hoot-Toowits, and the Rabbit-Bunns.







Baby Bear clambered up Mr. Bear's leg.  
Mr. Bear sank into a chair with a groan.

Mrs. Bear looked up from her nest-knitting with  
a mischievous smile. "What a brilliant Mr. Bear your  
daddy is," she said. "So good at fixing things."

Mr. Bear gave a huge yawn.



"In fact," continued Mrs. Bear,  
"there are a few things around here that  
need fixing by that daddy. There's the squeaky  
bathroom door, the blocked sink, and the  
smoky chimney . . ."

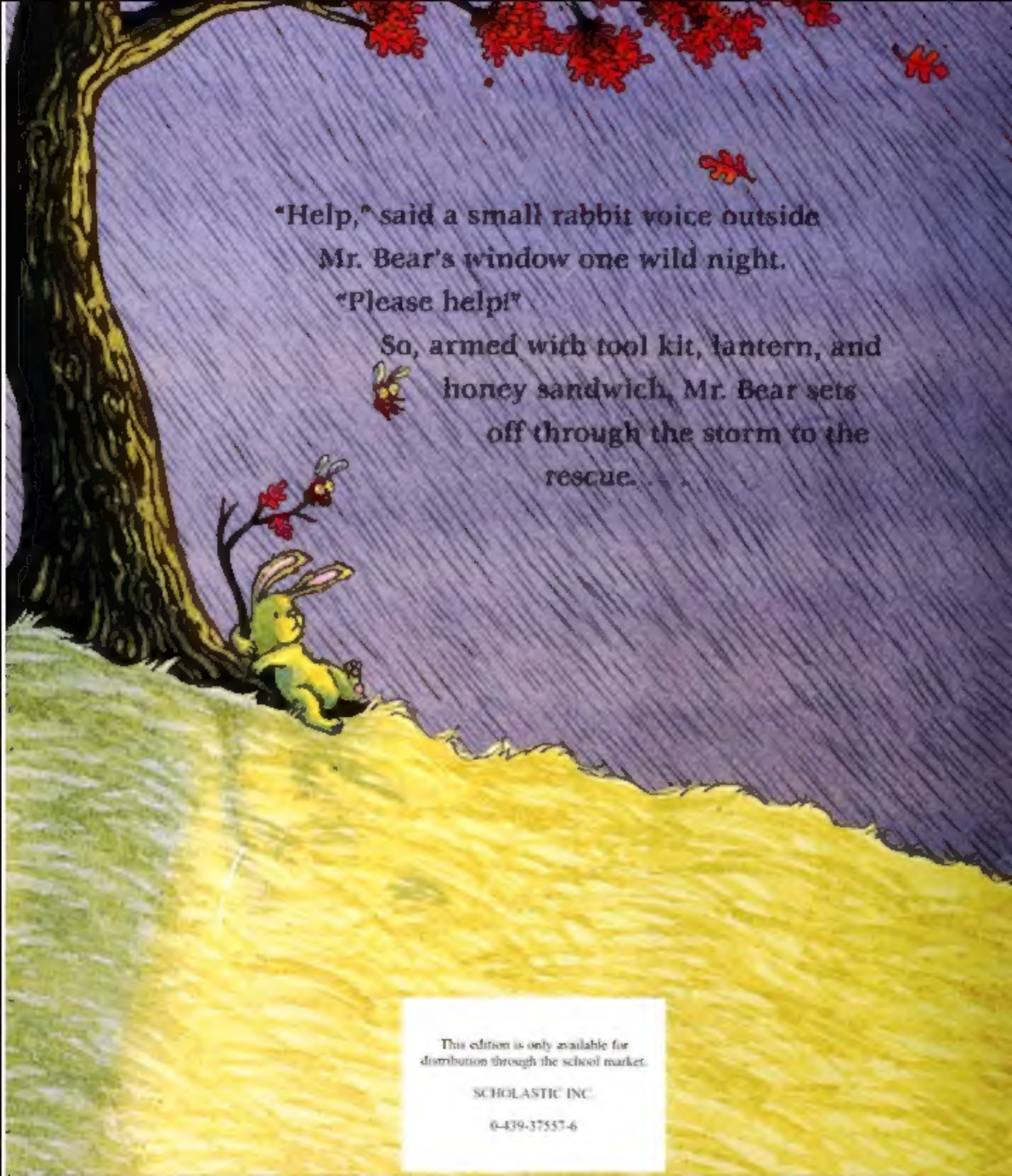
Mr. Bear gave a loud snore.





“... but they can all wait till tomorrow,” said Mrs. Bear, fetching a warm blanket for Mr. Bear and Baby Bear. “Even brilliant Mr. Bears need to be tucked in at times,” she said. And she blew out the candles and headed upstairs to bed.



The background of the page is a dark, stormy night sky with diagonal lines representing rain. On the left, a large, gnarled tree trunk is visible. Red leaves are falling from the top of the tree. In the lower-left corner, a small, light-colored rabbit is sitting on a grassy patch, looking up towards the text.

"Help," said a small rabbit voice outside  
Mr. Bear's window one wild night.

"Please help!"

So, armed with tool kit, lantern, and  
honey sandwich, Mr. Bear sets  
off through the storm to the  
rescue.

This edition is only available for  
distribution through the school market.

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